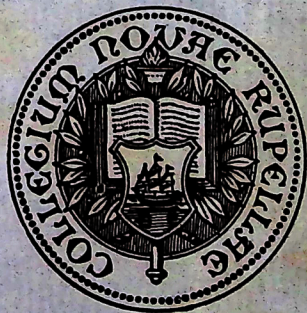


THE QUARTERLY



New Rochelle, N. Y.
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In Helen's Eyes

In Helen's eyes he finds replies
To every question, lover-wise.
But when he leaves her, as a rule,
Her fervid glances grow more cool
And her ardor quickly dies.

She is adept at all disguise
And so he cannot see the lies
(How could he, poor deluded tool?)
In Helen's eyes.

Thus ever and again he tries
To be more worthy of the prize
That Helen is — the perfect jewel.
He feels he is an abject fool
And so he is, without surmise,
In Helen's eyes.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

This Thing of Race

by KATHRYN MACDONAGH.

*"The only good copies
are those which make
us see the absurdity of
bad originals."*



It is not improbable that this morning's newspaper contained the story of some new outbreak against the Jew in Germany, with perhaps a less prominent and not so emotionalized account of German Catholic misfortunes. The popular notion about Nazi racial theories is that the National Socialists invented the motivating myth that would walk rough shod over all obstacles in the path of the just exaltation of *the* supreme race. But this notion is erroneous and the German theory of racialism is a borrowed one.

All modern historians admit that the real author is, oddly enough, a nineteenth century Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. He is the link that connects old and new racialism; and he has merited the supreme praise of being called by the National Socialists "the wise prophet and adorer of our Leader."¹

In his prophesying, Chamberlain brings the influence of even older racialists to bear upon modern German thought. To illustrate this, there is evidence of a very interesting meeting which occurred in the summer of 1923. Chamberlain, the key man of the situation, met the then unknown Adolph Hitler, another German racialist, at the home of Richard Wagner through his widow's hospitality. It is conjectured that this is the actual occasion of Chamberlain's great personal influence on Hitler. At any rate, it is undoubtedly true that Chamberlain, influenced by Wagner

¹ *Reichszeitung der Deutschen Erzieher*, no. 8, p. 1935. Found in Morx Morstein, Fritz: *Government in the Third Reich*, N. Y., 1937, 84.

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to study the seventeenth century racialist, Count Arthur de Gobineau, incorporated this theorist's ideas into his own, and ultimately handed both of them to Adolph Hitler to be used in his *Mein Kampf*, to Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's mentor, and to the official Nazi theorist, Professor Hans Gunther.

To read Chamberlain's racial theories is practically to read the Hitler utterances in clearer form. The entire work is premised on the idea that in spite of the broad common foundation, the human races are, in reality, as different from one another in character, qualities, and, above all, in the degree of their individual capacities, as greyhound, bulldog, and poodle. Thus there are superior and inferior races²; and the superior race in the modern world is, of course, the Teutonic race. Hitler's same ideas on the inequality of races are very well known. For his actions testify to them and we have only to witness the attempt to establish a ghetto in every city and town to realize the force of the doctrine of race when used in a perverted move toward greatness.

The next step in the development of Chamberlain's racial theory is the establishment of what he calls: "Five Cardinal Laws of Race." Briefly stated they are: that the perfect race is created only when there is excellent material with which to work and when forced activity like inbreeding can be carried out exclusively within a circle of related tribesmen. Either by a process of natural selection as exemplified in the Greek, Roman, and Teutonic habits of exposing infants or through a mixture of bloods carried on quickly and ceasing abruptly, the pure race is developed.

In criticizing such pseudo-scientific principles one authority writes³: "The mystical inalienability of race does not agree very well with the clumsy practices of 'race-hygiene', but the two are

² Chamberlain, H. S., *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* I, 261.

³ Barzun, Jacques, *Race: A Modern Superstition*, N. Y., 1937, p. 244.

THIS THING OF RACE

none the less forced to exist side by side." That this may be proven, one only has to scan the three German racialists. Professor Gunther, for one, follows closely Chamberlain's theories.⁴ In order to show that Germany contains the excellent material from which the ideal race can be moulded, Gunther traces the social anthropology of modern German elements, describing the good contributions made by each. His conclusion is that the Nordic element of the nation supplied the creative effort, and in this he approximates Chamberlain whose Teutonic element may be identified with Gunther's Nordic. Rosenberg illustrates vividly Chamberlain's theory of natural selection actually put into effect by the 1933 sterilization law; and Hitler apes the theory directly in his *Mein Kampf*. The following quotation, incidentally, is quite thoroughly implicated in the Nazi Primer — the official handbook for the schooling of Hitler youth: "He who is not healthy in body and in spirit ought not to perpetuate his malady in the body of his children. In this regard the racist state has to assume an immense educational task. Through education it must teach the individual that it is not a pitiable, but a deplorable misfortune to be weak and sickly."

In brief, then, the modern racialists and their predecessor find that races are unequal; that the Teutonic race is superior and thus must be preserved artificially or otherwise. The logical outcome is that all races other than this one must be obliterated. Mr. Hitler and his associates have not failed to voice their opinions as to the danger of the Semitic race to the pure Germans. It should be pointed out here, however, that Chamberlain surpassed, in theory at least, Nazi anti-Semitism. For Chamberlain went so far as to attempt to prove that Christ was not Jewish!

But as regards anti-Catholicism, the modern racialists have

⁴ Schuman, Frederick, *Nazi Dictatorship*, N. Y., 1936, p. 104.

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not clearly stated the reasons for their actions; and we have to go to the top man, Chamberlain. He states that the two outstanding characteristics of the Germanic race, freedom and tolerance, conflict with the principles of the Catholic Church; and he buttresses his contention by referring to what he considers the most important movement of nineteen centuries of Christianity, the Protestant Reformation. Chamberlain tells us that it was the Germanic thirst for freedom that brought this about: "The Reformation should be regarded not as a purely ecclesiastical affair but as a revolt of our whole nature against alien rule, of the Germanic soul against un-Germanic spiritual tyranny."⁵

Again, Chamberlain writes that the German spirit of tolerance was violated throughout history by the Catholic Church. "The Roman Church was the shield and armor-bearer of all anti-Germanic movements; this was the part it played from the beginning — and more and more openly as time went on; so that it was more anti-Germanic than at the present day. And yet it owes its existence to the Teutons!"⁶

The Germanized Englishman considers that he proves this when he shows that it was through the Teutonic invasions of a demoralized Roman Empire that the Catholic Church was saved, along with the Empire, from complete chaos; and he maintains that the Church took away from the Teuton freedom to act and freedom to believe, pointing to the power of the popes over crowns and kingdoms and the "enslavement of philosophy prior to the advent of the *Germanic* Thomas Aquinas."

Chamberlain makes his final attack on the universality of the Church, contrary to the supremacy attributed to the Germanic race. So it would seem that the Teutons, forming a supreme race,

⁵ Chamberlain, *op. cit.*, I, p. 512.

⁶ *Ibid*, I, p. 556.

THIS THING OF RACE

went contrary to their nature by becoming Roman Catholics! Yet, having thus analyzed history with such nonchalant inconsistency, Chamberlain writes that he finds that great minds can be pre-eminently Germanic and yet loyally attached to the Catholic Church.

Chamberlain's ideas are not the sole motivating force behind Nazi anti-Catholicism today. Yet it is not purely coincidental that Hitler has suggested and works for a single State Church. Certainly his daily attempts in Germany and Austria to restrict Catholic practices would seem to be in unison with the exclusive movement of Chamberlain. But Alfred Rosenberg more definitely bridges the gap between Chamberlain and the National Socialists. Rosenberg points out that Catholicism springs from oriental races which are characterized by elements of love and pity, and thus conflicts with the German race, with its virtues of heroism and honor. Like Chamberlain, Rosenberg refers to the struggle between papacy and empire, the wars of religion, the struggle against heresy, and the movement of the counter-revolution as examples of the continual struggle between the German people and the Catholic Church.

And so the doctrine of race emerges — a conglomerate mass of false facts, ridiculous and unscientific hypotheses about race hygiene that the nearest sophomore could prove worthless. Yet, strangely enough, the counter agent to the evils of racialism is mentioned — though not in just that capacity — in the Nazi Primer when it says: "Christianity, above all the Roman Church, rejects the race idea with the citation 'before God all men are equal.' All who have the Christian belief, whether Jews, bush niggers or whites are dearer to them than a German who does not confess Christianity." Excluding the obvious falsity of the statement, the Nazi Primer has nevertheless comprehended the great

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Christian principle of the brotherhood of men — the answer to any racial theory.

Such men as J. G. Herder, K. E. von Baer, J. Muller, Darwin, Huxley, Buckle, and Mill have combated racism in the interests of pure science. M. Jacques Barzun has proven that race thinking is inconsistent in its brazen disregard of logic and science, and that it has no statistics adequate to prove its assertions. Of modern Germany's racialism he writes⁷: "Rosenberg and Darre illustrate the point that racialism is an alternative to madness for intelligent, educated men balked in what they consider their legitimate ambitions."

The reader has only to view the present "freedom" of action and thought that is seen in modern Germany today to realize the fatuity of the assertion that it was the Church that was opposed to tolerance in Germany. Their own dicta have provided for a supreme ruthless intolerance quite in contradiction "to the Germanic spirit of tolerance and freedom!"

⁷ Barzun, *op. cit.* p. 284.

De Bussy's Clair De Lune

Your tones suggest
A garden of eternal night,
Black and grey in the moonlight,
Where soft camellias bloom
Heavy with scent.
And there is water
Spilling in a marble fountain
Where tears drip from a naiad's eyes.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

Destiny— WITH Perhaps MURDER

AS ALTERNATE

DOROTHY ZWIER.

AS the years passed, though, I began to wonder if murder *could* be an accident, if a consuming hatred of a past wrong could be mothered so long. How can we know people except by our reactions to them? We might be wrong, too, and that would be the embryo tragedy of future relations.

But now I no longer speculate about the mystery of the family. In the quiet of my mind I am content, dulled by the distance of land and years, just to cradle the nostalgia the mere name of Ann can bring to me. However, this is the story of the old lady. No one knew her well except one man, one woman, and myself.

I have never forgotten her bland gaze punctuated by black eyes ever ferreting through people and things and thoughts, that one stray lock of grey hair often dangling over the middle crease of her wrinkled forehead. But worst were her hands. I never saw her shake hands with anyone. Blue-green veins almost burst their swollen life through the tissue thinness of the skin, dry like parchment. Tiny criss-crossings fashioned by myriads of minute lines gave it a prismatic glistening. The nails were unpolished and as long as their almond roundness. Faint striations marred their smoothness and two or three bore the blackened imperfections that women sometimes have who do their own cooking and cleaning. Heaven knows, I've only seen her knitting.

Moving, always moving, those fingers of hers. Evenly, rhythmically, they shuttled her yarn as she threw it now over, now around. They would cease abruptly if she were startled,

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and I've seen them lay in her lap, once or twice, so quiet and stiff — the knuckle joints curved obtusely like one who has never played the piano.

She was old, you know, when I first met her, when she came to our village by the sea. I remember distinctly because it was two years to the very August day after my own arrival. I chose the village for my health. The air about there is clean, swift, clear. When the fogs and rains come, they do not bother me. It seems like my childhood again, for my family were all sea people. The folk had come to accept me, not of their individual background especially, but as something familiar, like a new cake they had tasted of and tried again and yet again.

We are away from the world here; we are still of it. We live and love and hate — each other and the water. The thunder and murmuring of the sea is in our eyes and voices; the heaving swell and rocking roll of the waves is in our carriage; its magnitude, its magnetism, its terror are all misted into our persons. Our clothes and hands smell of its life. Our lips taste of its breath. Our ears listen to its every mood and thought. Our hearts are in the sea. It is our life.

She wasn't of us, though. She hated it. I happened to see her the day she came, jogged along by horse and buggy as they rounded the turn and burst upon the top curve of the cliffs. The animal paused for a moment, slightly rearing, as I stood there leaning against my bicycle and looking down at the grayness of the churling water.

"Afternoon, Jeem," I saluted the driver. "Good afternoon, madam."

He responded with a taciturn nod as I knew he would; she did not reply at all, just sat and stared out over the water. Then the carriage turned. She raised her arm to stay her hat in the

DESTINY — PERHAPS

sudden gust of wind. I saw her small figure swaying from side to side as they rattled off down the rough, dirt road. After a few minutes I felt cold and followed in their path.

The next night at dinner my landlady, Mrs. Markell, announced that Margaret Dennham was staying at the Halleck's. I caught a spark of the electric shock this news put in her husband's usually serene eyes, and decided to remain tactfully silent. The old man helped himself to a second wedge of pie while I mentally distorted each red and white square in the table cloth with dashing scalloped edges. He belched loudly as he pushed back his wooden chair, reaching lazily for his pipe and tobacco.

"You seen her?" he asked his wife.

"No. No, I haven't," she answered vaguely as she carried some dishes to the sink. Pouring the water, she spoke to me, "Margaret is a . . . a . . . distant relative of Dan Halleck. I don't think anyone remembers her but us. She lived not far from here a long time ago. I think she's come to stay."

"Oh," I said. "Well. That will be nice, I guess. House so big anyway." Then as an afterthought, "Company for Dan . . . Ann and Little-Wink too."

In the silence that followed I remembered Ann's husband.

"Joel still off? When's he coming in?"

Curiously neither one answered me, so I strolled out of the kitchen and went to my room to read. I always do enjoy Dickens but somehow that night my mind kept wandering to the woman I had seen; so I went to bed and slept. But I dreamed of a horse and buggy careening madly off a cliff. And there was a cold, stern-looking old lady in the seat who used both hands to clutch frantically at her hat as she dropped in a swirl. Funny . . . she didn't utter a sound, even when the water closed over her.

It must have been a month or so later that I went one day to

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visit Ann and her baby and father. I was introduced to Margaret Dennham at tea. She showed no sign of recognition, but there must have been something strange in my face for I caught Ann looking at me with a bewildered gaze. We chattered about the weather, my health, of how soon Joel's schooner would be getting in now, of how the baby was running all around and beginning to talk so nicely.

When tea was finished Miss Dennham began to knit very quickly. Something gray she was making. An afghan, I think you call it. How could anyone help but notice her hands? And then I saw Dan Halleck's hands as he lifted and filled his favorite pipe. They were remarkably like hers in structure and expression. I couldn't avoid scanning their faces. Both had exactly the same ridge in their noses. Both had coal black eyes and a dent in their chins.

I rose to go. Ann said she wanted to walk down the road with me, so together we carried the tea things out into the kitchen. Little-Wink was on the pantry floor in front of a broken drinking glass with a stiff hand brush. He began to whimper when he saw his mother, but she kissed him, picked him up and said she didn't mind. Ann picked up the brush and shaking it out said, "Don't you know this is Mama's best hand brush?"

Wink sobbed, "Yes," and the expression on his face was so funny that Ann and I laughed as we sent him back into the front room.

As we walked slowly down the path all the tension of the afternoon seemed to melt away. I thought Ann was thinner, not so gay. I said, "You ought to smile more, Ann. I like to see your face alive, your eyes shining."

I was so unprepared for her outburst that I don't think I can tell you her exact words. It was all because of the old lady.

She had established herself and ruled the household. "Ann do this . . . Ann, don't clean that way . . . Dan, come here . . . get that child away from me . . . Ann, you ought to brush up on your cooking . . . Ann, there are rats in the walls. I spread poison on the pantry floor."

The girl stared at me through the dusk as I took her hands into mine. I remember her eyes being enormous; and that I felt a jagged cut on her slender forefinger.

"We can't turn her away," she whispered. "Dan can't turn out his . . . his own . . . I saw you staring at them. You do know, don't you? But why must she hate him so? Hate us so, for so many years . . . after so many years?"

I spoke gently to her and finally she became calmer and drew her hands from my grip. Joel was due soon and I told her everything would be all right. She sighed and promised to wait patiently. "Good night," she said. And I distinctly recall hearing her murmur as she walked off looking at her hands, "I must scrub off those peach stains tonight."

That was the last time I saw Ann. She was dead within the next week. The doctor said it was poison.

I never saw Joel again either. It is just as well. I might have told him what I knew then about the brush and the cut on his wife's finger. I might have told him and the others about the day after Ann's burial when I went for my last lone walk along the cliffs. It was not a dream, but stark reality that I found one knitting needle cradled in a moss-covered crevice. I can never tell anyone about the roaring in my mind and body as I hurled the thing down to the sea.

All they know is that the old lady of whom they had heard but never seen, had disappeared. Everyone knows I left the next month. I was cured, you see, and there was nothing to keep me in the little village.

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Ecstasy

With shifting, relentless feet
The sand was waiting for the sea.
And I felt a restless motion,
A turbulent devotion
That betrayed itself in me.
The waves seemed rent with sorrow
Of a pain that seemed to borrow
All the aching of my heart.
The water fanned the fire
That was my soul's desire
To follow out the sea.
Like a riddle without key
I knew not how or why
I could only hear the cry
Of my wildly beating heart
That I could not tear apart
From the sea.

IRENE MAHONEY '41.

In Chair 38

CATHERINE ARCHER.

A contemporary novelist
reaches the Academy

IF the American Academy of Arts and Letters be considered as a terminus, Ellen Glasgow has arrived. She replaces George Gray Barnard, the sculptor with the lease-breaking statuary, great hunks of stuff too big to bed down in a city flat. Mr. Barnard — just like a man — finding something oversize on hand, took to roving with his *objets d'art*. Ellen Glasgow — just like a woman — with an over-grown literary revolution of her own, wants to stand her ground. But she is trying spiritedly to moor Southern realist letters to a mast of idealism — a tie unlikely to hold with the ground beneath oozy and the mast itself badly warped.

More becoming to our criticism however to waive the adverse part for the present and to use some of the good taste for which Miss Glasgow herself — albeit ambiguously — has recently filed a plea. For she is too good not to be heard fairly.

Ellen Glasgow is the first chronicler of the new South, a product by birth of the old order with its well-built up magnolia and mint julep traditions, and by conviction of the new with its stench of chemicals, the bustle of progress, the rise of that class which were "good people" if not "good family" in her own city of Richmond. In the course of some nineteen novels she has written a caustic clear-visioned social history of Virginia.

We insist upon the significance of Miss Glasgow's fascination for people born ahead of their age. She betrays it in the treatment of Oliver Treadwell, husband to *Virginia* and a playwright too honest for the sugary drama of his day; and in the character of Nathan Pedlar of *Barren Ground* who, "unlike most Southern

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farmers, was not afraid of a theory. He was beginning to realize the value of rotation in crops at a period when a cornfield at Pedlar's Mill was as permanent as a graveyard. When his lagging age had caught up with Nathan Pedlar, it had forgotten what its prophet has prophesied." John Fincastle is another; the sceptic philosopher of *Vein of Iron*, born into an age of believers and a Presbyterian locale, was a generation in advance of those stern predestined, his fellows.

This interest is a clue to the author herself. For one ahead of his time — maladjusted — lacks only that certain sanguinity which can make leaders of misfits. Misfits too big to be held back make a whole people, by contrast, seem askew; and it is the helpless age that crowds into the tracks of the visionary.

In the literary world Miss Glasgow is a leader of this sort, and from the first she has wooed the literature of the South from its romantic and deadly retreat into honeysuckled plantations. She has stripped the cambric mitts from the gently bred Southern ladies and shown hands roughened with work that pride prompted them to do before dawn. She has created her gallants without saddle and spurs and conjured up a succession of amorous fops with, frequently, a brood of black and unclaimed offspring. She has exalted the labor of the Scotch-Irish farming class, and placed strong characters against the stronger theme of the farm tenant system that follows the war in order to illustrate the "evolving upward" which she insists upon as the common life experience.

Only one who has come unscathed through an "education founded upon the simple theory that the less a girl knew about life the better prepared she would be to contend with it" could satirize the Victorian woman so effectively and yet so sympathetically. Virulent toward the system, gentle with its victims, Ellen

Glasgow takes her stand with the whole feminist movement.

She has grown slowly with her work, serving a patient apprenticeship, plunging the stimulating shots of "blood and irony" again and again into the stream of Southern consciousness — now approaching, now departing from her own criterion for the novel, that it shall "illuminate experience," and always "evolving upward" herself.

She has cut such a neat swath through the literary field that her work is easily classified. Perhaps the best order is found in the new Virginia edition of her collected works which groups six novels as illustrative of Virginia's social history from 1850 to 1912. Two groups of three novels each supplement the first, one describing the city, the other the country life of Virginia in the period that follows the World War.

Battleground starts the first series. It is a novel of the Civil War and the most romantic of all her works. But "it is an indubitable and perverse truth that a Civil War story unromantically treated would be unrealistic and invalid. The South's first realist and one of America's first could not fail to realize that in re-creating America's last romantic gesture a romantic attitude was the only realistic attitude."* *Battleground* evinces enough irony however to make it typically Glasgow. When the boys who are leaving for the war refuse to take enough clothing, the old Major protests: "It's going to be a two weeks' war and you shall take an outfit for two weeks, or stay at home! By God, sir, if you contradict me again I'll not let you go to fight the Yankees." Romance, realism, sarcasm — her work will not classify on these counts, for no novel is without them all and none lacks a liberal injection of humor.

In the *Deliverance*, Ellen Glasgow captures one of the bitterest bits of the Reconstruction wreckage when a wealthy over-

* Mann, Dorothea Lawrence—"Ellen Glasgow."

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seer with a war time fortune is able to purchase the master's estate. The Fletchers remain crude in prosperity and Christopher Blake, though embittered and ruthless in the vengeance he seeks, retains the refinements of class. The setting is aptly Southern but the contrast between culture that is lacquer-thin and bread and bone breeding is stuff for any novelist.

Virginia is the classic if sometimes labored version of Victorian womanhood with our heroine getting all beaten up by *life* — nothing less. But some of Miss Glasgow's neatest punches are placed here; and the Academy process that educated its females to pure nullity and blind innocence quivers beneath her good blows. Miss Priscilla who headed the Academy "was capable of dying for an idea, but not of conceiving one. She had suffered everything from the war, except the necessity of thinking independently about it." With such a one as mentor Virginia shows surprising spunk and stands up rather well to the buffeting she takes as sacrificial offering to husband and children.

Cyrus Treadwell who "so long as he was aware that he controlled the industrial future of Dinwiddie" was indifferent as to "whether people supposed him to be a millionaire or a pauper" and Oliver, his nephew who in his youth hated Cyrus "as a man hates his own weakness" are shoddy enough to demonstrate Miss Glasgow's persistent exposé of male shortcomings that springs from a seeming phobia. It has been said that she is not so much disillusioned as unillusioned in most of her masculine characterizations; but only a favored few — Gabriel Pendleton, John Fincastle, Nathan Pedlar — emerge as even half nice.

Skipping two lesser novels the series winds up auspiciously with *Life and Gabriella* — Gabriella being Virginia's antithesis who, in the monumental struggle with life that in one form or another always engrosses this novelist, herself delivers the knock-

out blow and arrives at the barren peak of freedom which comes only with despair. The repetition of this chilly consummation constitutes our biggest grudge against Ellen Glasgow. And we feel that at her most productive stage she was unconsciously erecting the earthworks that blew up into much of the degenerate stuff that she deplores in the literature of today. In these earlier years she made much of the "freedom of despair" and hit upon a philosophy that she was later to clarify:

"It is not an ignoble fate — it is not an unhappy fate — to go down still fighting against the inevitable. That is a triumph of the will not a surrender."

This sort of thinking is too wishful — too highminded — too detached to permanently tether literature, because it does not tally with experience. Miss Glasgow regards life sanely, with cool amusement. She presents characters at grips with life. Her morally weak ones go under. The stronger ones are sustained by a philosophy that has only the strength of ice. Because she is an artist, her characters are full-blooded but she allows them only the meagre happiness of deferred hope. Her women are "ruined" — either in the limited and definitive sense or more largely — by the bogey of life, before they get the strength of despair. Her morally strong men are given nothing but knocks to sustain them, while the profligates burn themselves out. *Barren Ground*, a bucolic novel of epic proportions and one of the later works best illustrates this.

But actually, even complete degeneration in literature is a more normal successor to pseudo-idealism. Miss Glasgow's characters are not less ignoble than those she deplores today. The handling is subtler, the author more fastidious, the age that produced her a little slower but just as standard-less. And the "freedom of despair" is as stuffy as a bustle and just as outmoded.

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Ten years after *Barren Ground* Ellen Glasgow was still clinging to her beliefs. She lamented "the whole tedious mass production of degeneration in our fiction — the current literary gospel of futility and despair," not realizing that only her own really noble self could divorce futility from despair. She is a little like the detractors of Job — resigned to the evil of the world but to her perversion of it. The moderns she scores are not other Jobs but they have all his importunity and they too speak in anguish of spirit and complain in bitterness of soul.

Douglas Southall Freeman, writing of "Ellen Glasgow, Idealist" said: "While she will concede the sex motivation of much of life, the perversion that has crept into contemporary letters outrages her scarcely less than the inhumanity that curses the struggle for existence. Yet her idealism must not be measured by her aversion. Positive, like everything else in her character, it is fed by her habit of long and solitary contemplation and it flowers in a *noblesse oblige* that is too personal, too gracious, and too constant to be written down."

Surely it is clear, however, that he who is not of the *noblesse* knows no obligation. And if the inhumanity of the moderns curses the struggle for existence, with humanity she had done it before them because her humanity distorted it so. She has said herself — "You can look at life and prove anything" but she has looked at life only to buttress her tormenting dictum that since man must mouthe the dust he might as well do it grandly. If the sardonic smile she put on fiction has been slowly rubbed off, it is a trend more hopeful than otherwise, for as long as it stuck, dust could seem to sparkle in fiction as it never really does.

All critics agree that in *Barren Ground* Ellen Glasgow deliberately buried a notoriously incisive wit. Its rebound and rebirth in the *Romantic Comedians* is nothing short of explosive; and

Gamaliel Honeywell, as the sixty-year old widower pathetically alive to the rustling of spring, is one of her best characters. She is merciless on the judge as he mourns his dear departed, trying desperately and with difficulty to remember that he is "a bird with a broken wing." She catches his testy rejection of Amanda who had waited with hope for years, and the passionate pursuit of young Annabel Upchurch. After a miserable marriage, desertion by Annabel, sickness and dejection, the Glasgow twist finds Judge Honeywell eyeing his young nurse and murmuring, "spring is here and I am feeling almost as young as I felt last year."

In *Vein of Iron*, the last and best of the country novels, the setting is a valley in Virginia south of the Alleghanies. We are plunged into the atmosphere immediately by a prefacing phrase:

"Effort and expectation and desire,
And something evermore about to be."

With this, Miss Glasgow occupies herself again with the fascination she gets from frustration. This novel is splendid in construction and runs evenly from the turn of the century to the breadlines of the early thirties. Ada is a strong hybrid of two influences, that of sceptic philosopher father and Calvinist grandmother. What survives in her is a fierce and blind craving for happiness that she seeks to satiate and only manages to modify in the disillusionment of middle age. It is vivid and moving but we wonder wearily at the end why Miss Glasgow must torture what should be her most sympathetic characters into a decent restraint. Ada is largely amorphous and her "evolving upward" resembles a process of crawling downstairs backwards. She has the crystal cut of neither the father nor the old grandmother. She is "ruined" with not even an interesting internal struggle. There is no exciting flouting of standards for Ada has none big enough to

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stand up to; she simply sags into situations in the course of "seizing her happiness." The smile of submission — the inevitable Glasgow finale — does not strengthen a character whose only reality was in extended, relentless protest. It makes Ada a sham.

Within the last year, Ellen Glasgow abandoned the "inevitable" which she had formerly espoused — as an "unsporting adversary." This testifies to the freshness if not always the solidity of her outlook; because although she made a convincing plea for a "standard of excellence, integrity, and audacity" in literature, she added abruptly, "the one thing needful is to be inconsistent."

And so if we throw up despairing hands at her literary ideal we sympathize with her aspirations and think her wholly fine as a master of epigram, a satirist, and a spontaneous and penetrating observer of manners.

No Sermon

Sometimes in the shadowless blank of night
I reach out — and His hand is there
Strong and guiding.

And often in pine wood's blue light
My heart is filled with wordless prayer
Deep — confiding.

When I lie in the ground, in the dark and the cold
My soul will not keep to that horrible place
In the clammy sod.

Because in a thousand ways He has told
Of His divine forgiveness and impartial grace
There is a God.

GRACE LUND '41.

Neil Must Keep a Wife

by CARMEN KENNEDY

NEIL looked at the couch dubiously. Two-and-a-half rooms in the modern manner were all right until marital difficulties made a temporary separation necessary. Then a husband learns that it is his wife's inalienable right to lock the bedroom door and block his passage to the only available bed, blankets and pillows in the apartment.

Neil had also learned from his single previous experience the day before in what had otherwise been sixteen extremely happy wedded months that though a man may consider any methods fair in the winning of his wife, it is a woman who is the unconscionable strategist in war. He knew the military secret of making the enemy capitulate by cutting off his source of supply. Under those conditions Neil would have been prepared to fight; Eleanor mistress of the bedroom; his dominion including the combined basals of living-room, kitchen and bath. So might the best man win.

But he knew that if his pigeon desired a glass of water, a magazine, a cheese sandwich or any other comfort her stronghold lacked, the key would turn in the lock of the bedroom door and she would come sweeping through his territory without so much as a suggestion of truce or a by-your-leave. And while he would be expected to furnish her with household money in the morning, he would be in error if he expected breakfast purchased with that same money until he had apologized, reiterated, rephrased, repeated and all in an attitude of humility, penitence and, what would be easy on an empty stomach, sincerity.

So, he reasoned, though he didn't expect to sleep he might as well stretch out on the delicately unstable couch and figure out

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where he had been wrong this time. He must be able to start operations in the morning to insure a triumphant return the next night to the good graces of his adorable if slightly unreasonable wife — and to the comfort of his Simmon's Beauty-Rest mattress.

It had started, paradoxically, the night previous when they were celebrating with sherry and port what they hoped would be a tremendous advancement for Neil — a crack at managing the Los Angeles office from which all the western advertising accounts were handled. Wearing a dreamy expression that, translated, meant she was pleased with her selection of a husband and also that she was anticipating silver fox furs and a full time maid, Eleanor plied him with questions.

Hadn't Kelly and then Hart been previously considered for the job? Why hadn't one of them been appointed? Had they and their wives, like Neil and Eleanor, been invited to dine at the Boss's home? What was Sperry like? And his wife?

Neil, also dreaming, had answered as best he could. Sperry had been a smart man but was now somewhat in his dotage. In addition he was bound to the apron strings of a woman forty years his junior. A woman whose voice and — ah torso — had been familiar to Broadway musical comedy fans some five years before. Yes, the other men, Kelly and Hart, had in turn been rumored sure bets for the position. Yes, they had been invited with their wives to dine with the Sperry's. No one knew why the boss had changed his mind both times. They figured he was getting old, was losing that quick certainty in making important decisions which should mark an executive.

"But let's not question," Neil said with a chuckle, "the sanity of a man who at last realizes my genius. Tomorrow night I'm going to salaam, turn cartwheels or whatever he wants, because however I get the job, I know I can make good at it, darned if I don't."

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It was then that Eleanor's expression had changed, a little deceptive smile playing at her mouth. "Mercedes Clark is living out on the coast now, isn't she, Neil? I bet you'll be glad to see her, won't you?"

"Hey! You know I never thought of that! Say, that would be fun, wouldn't it? Like old times. You two could have a lot of fun together." That, evidently had been his first mistake.

"We two? Why Neil, what would I want to see Mercedes for? I mean, she's beautiful and a man would like to have her around, but she's awfully dull, darling, and so obvious."

Neil should have agreed with Eleanor and then quickly changed the subject to the weather or the birth rate of the South African bush people. But no, gaily he rode toward disaster. "Eleanor," he laughed, "what a queer thing to say. Mercedes Clark dull! And obvious! Listen honey, she had half the men on campus at her feet and ranked Phi Beta Kappa at the same time. That's no small —."

"While I," Eleanor interrupted scornfully, "had no beaux at all, I suppose, and was an intellectual nonentity?"

That always confused Neil — Eleanor's unique ability to lead him into a discussion of one woman's charms and then, suddenly, to assume that the conversation had by inference been directed toward the belittling of her own. "I didn't say anything about you, Eleanor. I guess I ought —."

"Oh, I know," Eleanor again interrupted, the argument having reached the stage where he would no longer be allowed to finish a sentence, "I should be grateful to Mercedes. I owe her my husband. If Steve Burbank hadn't come along with all his money she would have been glad to marry you. And you would have been overjoyed to have her. But you couldn't. So you had to content yourself with me as a consolation prize, isn't that true?"

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"Eleanor!" Neil was scandalized. "Look darling, I never wanted to marry her. I never asked her. For Pete's sake, honey, don't you ——."

"No, I don't," Eleanor snapped. "And I might as well tell you I'm sick and tired of being the little woman without any decent clothes, doing all my own work, looking like a frump while you break your neck to get a job on the coast, not so you can give me things — but so you can be near her."

It occurred to him that she was the one who had thought of Mercedes living on the coast but he knew enough not to quibble over technicalities. "Eleanor, if I get this job you won't have to look like a frump. You can have all the clothes you want. Please don't ——."

"Ohhhhhh!" And the tears started down her face. "I buy cheap clothes, try to make myself look smart and you call me a frump. You — you — big — ungrateful ——."

Neil lifted his hands and then let them fall to his sides, a gesture of defeat. You couldn't win. You just absolutely couldn't win.

"All right," she phrased between sobs, "I admit it. I'm a frump. But you wait. You — just wait — Neil Swift, tomorrow night I'll show you — just how dowdy — I really can be. I'll — I'll — but she went off into such violent weeping as made articulation impossible.

He argued, scolded, appealed to reason, petted, soothed, pleaded, flattered. But she was having none of him. Over and over she threatened, "You just wait, Neil Swift, I'll show you and — your boss and his — wife. I'll show — you. You just wait."

He did not wait in vain. The next night he found his formal clothes in the living room, and there, without benefit of mirror

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or sight of Eleanor, he dressed. When she did appear it was as if he were looking at a passport photo of his wife, one that had been snapped by a drunken photographer. Being a man he didn't understand exactly how an exceptionally attractive young woman could possibly make herself look like that, but he got the effect immediately. It was not subtle. A member of her own sex would have known immediately what it took him many horrified minutes to figure out; that she had applied her rouge too low, used a powder six shades too light, that her eyebrows, already dark, she had accented heavily while her pale lashes she had left absolutely alone, giving her eyes the staring look of windows with shades but no drapes.

Her dress and the jewelry she wore with this make-up created a symphony of screeching discord. Sleeves, full and of awkward middle-arm length, were met by row upon row of bracelets stretching from wrist to elbow. The neck of the dress which needed brightening up, she left unadorned. And her belt was tied so loose that it defied gravity every moment it did not slip down over her hips to the floor. Her perfume, Neil decided, smelled like the radiator of a car after it has spilled alcohol all down its front.

"You can't go like that," he said decisively. "I wouldn't take you to the corner drug store looking like that, much less to my boss's. Listen Eleanor, please don't do this. Dress any way you like tomorrow and the next day and the next. But so much depends on tonight, for you, just as much as for me."

"I'm ready," she said coldly. "The invitation was for seven-thirty. If you won't take me I'll have to call a taxi."

Arguing got him no place. So they drove to Halsey Manor, he maintaining a silence that shouted accusations, she humming some foolish scrap of a song. They were greeted by the Sperry's, Mister and Mistress. Both appeared taken aback by Eleanor's appearance, but Mrs. Sperry, who insisted upon being called Dody,

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recovered first. "What a charming wife you have, Neil. I'm sure we'll get along famously." And then she led Eleanor up the stairs, where transpired he knew not what.

When they rejoined their husbands, however, a tragic farce began which continued, unabated, until twelve-thirty. Eleanor,



with her strange clothing, had also donned a personality on the alkaline side. She twisted her bracelets nervously, and patted at the straggling ends of hair where her curls should have been. She



played with the silver and shifted continually in her chair. Her conversation, usually scintillating, commenced in hilarious spurts and then simmered down to a self-conscious silence. Sperry and his Dody exchanged a few glances which even included raised eyebrows and after that they seemed to accept her as a woman to be borne rather than dealt with.

Once, after she had made a particularly stupid remark about loving pictures with dying fruit and dead fish as subjects, Neil thrust out his foot hoping to connect with her ankle. Evidently he missed, because Dody Sperry, of the blond hair by preference, turned her long green eyes on him and gave him a glance which in polite society strives to convey the same inference as in lower stratas is achieved by a wink. And from that moment Mrs. Sperry gave Neil her entire attention, complete with coy, soft glances, elbow nudges, and frequent opportunities to study her excellently preserved teeth and not so hot tonsils. In awkward desperation Neil returned these strange attentions in full. Eleanor in her unreasonable pique was making it impossible for him to get the job which could mean everything to both of them. All right, see if

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he cared! Let her sit there and listen to him exchange baby talk, or worse, with this woman who had a minimum of good looks and a terrific shortage of brains.

Eleanor evidently minded not at all. She continued her squirming and directed her pointless conversation at Sperry, who was obviously concerned with fighting sleep and stifling yawns. Finally after what seemed hours and hours, Eleanor made the first happy suggestion of the evening, that it was about time they were getting home. Neil overrode the Sperrys' protests and went for his coat.

Just before they left, Dody touched her husband's arm. "Don't you have something to tell Neil, darling?"

Sperry started and then expanded in an attitude of benevolence and relief. "Why yes, yes I do. How would you like to try your hand at the Los Angeles office, Neil? Great opportunity out there for the right man. Great opportunity!"

"Gee! Neil exclaimed. "I mean, I certainly would like to be given the chance. I know I can handle it, Mr. Sperry."

"Fine. Then we'll make final arrangements tomorrow. How's that? Could you be ready to leave by the end of the month?"

"Sure," Neil said, "that would be easy." He could not resist one triumphant glance at Eleanor. See, his glance said, I got this job in spite of you. I got it on my own merits. Even you couldn't ruin it for me.

After saying good night, Dody's hand lingering in his, Neil escorted Eleanor in silence to their car and in silence they continued home. It was only when they got to the front of the apartment house that Eleanor began to weep — at first softly and then with increasing volume until he was afraid the doorman would be out to investigate.

"Stop that!" he commanded. "You ought to cry. It's too bad you didn't get penitent sooner. But as long as you didn't,

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you ought to try controlling yourself at least until you get in the apartment."

"Ohhhh! All the sympathy I get from you! Penitent! After I let that woman cater to me, walk all over me just so you can get a measly old job."

"I suppose it's my fault that you went there looking like you did? I suppose I didn't beg you not to?"

"What's that got to do with it? I had to go that way and act like that. If you'd had any sense, you'd have seen why I did. I knew that an ex-chorus girl would be bored to death married to an old man like Sperry. And naturally, she'd be jealous of any woman with a good looking husband, any woman, that is, who was half as attractive as she thinks she is." She stopped a moment to wipe at her eyes. "And I knew she'd be the one to decide who would get the job. Or else why would Sperry change his mind right after he had Hart and Kelly to dinner? The only reason had to be that their wives were too pretty and too genteel to suit her."

"Then you're not mad at me? You knew none of those things you said about Mercedes and me were true?" If that scene last night with the tears and near-hysteria had been a fake, Neil decided, Katharine Cornell was an amateur in comparison with his wife.

"Mad at you? I made you argue with me last night so I could dress and behave like that at Sperry's. If you had known you would have spoiled it. But I'm so mad at you now I don't know if I'll ever speak to you again! The way you carried on tonight, humiliating me in front of that woman — oh, it was — was — awful." She began to cry again.

"Listen Eleanor, I'll make it up to you. Honest I will. But I didn't know. See honey, I had no way of knowing. You made me fight with you then you locked me out. It was only because

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you seemed so unreasonable that I paid any attention to her."

"No matter what I did or said, you should have known. You should have stood by me. After I've been such a good wife — after I sacrifice my — pride — and — and ——." She flung open the car door and hurried into the house.

Neil put the car away and got up to the apartment as quick as he could. But he was too late because the bedroom door was locked again and no amount of pleading could make her open it. It was then that he had looked at the couch dubiously, knowing that for the second time it must be his bed for the night.

I wonder, he mused, after reviewing the whole affair, what I did wrong. Eleanor couldn't be angry over my attention to Sperry's wife because she must know she drove me to it. I've gone back over it all, and still I don't know — what could it have been?

Poor Neil! He didn't realize that whatever he did that evening after Eleanor had humbled herself before Dody Sperry would have been very, very, unforgivably wrong!

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War

A beast whose scarred body
Would fill the pit of Hell
Came suddenly
Springing from a tiny hole
Like a lion
Jumping from a jack-in-the-box.
A ridiculous incongruity
Stalking the land
Until shelter and food
Seemed only day-dreams of Humanity.
His first smashing blows
Were only prelude
To his insatiable greed.
He found Man;
He worried and played with him;
Slashed open the face of Humanity,
Charred and disfigured it
With his breath.
Then lulled by his gluttony and lust
The sated monster crawled to his lair
And Humanity gasped for life.

And now some day
When all man's wounds are healed,
The monster War with avid, hungry body
And slanting, nerveless eyes
Will spring again
From a hole that might be
The home of a field mouse
And seek a possible success
Against a cowering Humanity. IRENE MAHONEY '41.

Sounds in the Night

LOUISE FOX '39

THE radio has been called a modern miracle so often that the miraculousness of it has long since worn off. Still, every now and again, in flashes of sudden perception, the incredibility of it seizes one's mind. We have not yet become so absolutely accustomed to it that we no longer experience any gratitude for the gifts it dispenses. It is unique in the variety of what it offers — catering to every taste and every mood. It has its mighty moments — its hilarious moments — its trivial moments. It has these:

Robert Benchley: Chief of the Department of Utter Confusion — prime exponent of How to Do It the Hard Way — Buccaneer of the Bounding Broomstick. The Benchley gifts are unequalled in the Benchley capacity. An occasional fugitive from "The New Yorker," wherein he



comments on a variety of subjects, he contributes half an hour's laughter a week to a waiting world. Benchley faces life's minor problems with grim determination and ultimate resignation. The casualness of his voice and manner leads one to think that nothing new could ever shake his calm. His thwarted enthusiasms are never too much for him — a deprecating cough or cluck of the tongue and we are off again. Benchley is Milquetoast offering some resistance to the world. His travelogues are representative of the Benchley touch applied to the far corners. He carries the incongruous with him. Either that or it invariably seeks him out. New and extraordinary views of the world are in store when Benchley rides again! Fortunately for us, the broomstick is invincible. It always gets him back.

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Milton Cross: Almost as much a part of radio as Marconi, he seems to be vibrating the air waves nearly all the time. Dean of radio announcers and Grandfather of the "Family of RCA," he adds a touch to his remarks that his colleagues have never been able to imitate. Everyone makes up a large, happy family to Mr. Cross. He always has the air of taking the radio audience into his confidence. A man of intelligence, possessing a vast fund of general information, he lets it out in small, gentle doses — almost reluctantly. Yet he sounds as though he credited his listeners with a modicum of intelligence of their own, which, for announcers, is a unique attitude. His descriptions of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts are characterized by unfailing descriptions of all the costumes, a pronunciation of exotic names which indicates the utmost relish, a hushed tone which invariably reminds the listener that one attends to opera with reverence. "Information, Please" opened a new field for Mr. Cross. He demonstrates, with aplomb, all the music to be identified. Perhaps "The Magic Key" is his prime hour. One can fairly see him guiding its destinies with a majestic hand, while he beams on his family with a benevolent eye.

* * * * *

Clifton Fadiman: The master of ceremonies of "Information, Please" — the oracle — the man who has all the answers and is, therefore, infallible. No one will ever know how much or how little he knows. He has the sound of omniscience. He can, with a word, show up deplorably the lack of knowledge possessed by the numerous celebrities who come under his scrutiny. He sounds as though he enjoyed the errors more than the correct replies, and Canada Dry owes him no gratitude for saving the funds. Mr. Fadiman is a tyrant on his points of information. Ah, well — he can afford to be. He has the answers. One experiences more human feeling for his colleagues. Messrs. Adams and Kieran, gentlemen of vast information who do, occasionally, miss a point. It would be enormously gratifying to have the positions reversed upon occasion. Let us see what Mr. Fadiman can do on his own. We have no quarrel with the gentleman. We merely wonder . . . The habit of speaking with authority comes naturally to Mr. Fadiman, however. His "New Yorker" book reviews would put him in the spirit. How that publication is represented on the air! The suave and sure Mr. Fadiman — the harassed and humorous Mr. Benchley. "The New Yorker" incorporates at least three of these qualities. I don't think it is ever harassed. Neither is Mr. Fadiman.

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

Toscanini: The little man — the little man like a gleam of quicksilver, turning everything he touches into something of magic. You can feel the hush that anticipates his appearance. It is like that which heralds the experience of a secret rite, for every moment of music with him is a moment snatched from time and enshrined in the perpetuity of remembrance. And for the millions who hear but do not see, there are the sounds — the incredible sounds of incarnate joy and fear, tenderness and sorrow, tragedy and exaltation; the sum of human emotion translated into sound. What is his secret? What is it in him that is re-born into his



music? Surely the spirits of those whose music he re-creates hover around his heart and his brain. The kinship he feels for them is so close a relationship that a mistake is an affront to an old friend. And mistakes do not occur more than once. Someone has aptly put it that "Toscanini, who would not harm a fly in self-defense, would attack a regiment in defense of Beethoven." Thus is achieved perfection in matter as well as form. The hours after ten o'clock of a Saturday night are enchanted hours. And the master magician is the little man — the little giant.

* * * * *

Orson Welles: "Good evening, this is Orson Welles." Quick speech, falling inflection, emphasis by lack of emphasis; a formality to be hastened through as quickly as possible. Everyone knows who it is. Then on to the business at hand. Manager — director — star performer — he is an incredible number of things. His chief weapon is his voice. How to describe it? Whipped cream, solidified — rich sauce on a rich dish — a voice of twenty-three summers in a black cape. As a lover's instrument it expresses tenderness which grows in volume as it ascends from the depths; villainous — it makes for itself great, dark shadows hinting at still darker things; as a medium for the commentator it is clipped, forcibly disinterested, impressively unimpressed. Always is it the sound portrait of Mr. Welles: the amazing young man whose sense of sensation is so remarkably acute — he of the long hair, Byronic throat, and omnipresent pipe (exotic variety). — the Welles who is apparently astonishing enough to have reached a climax at twenty-three.

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Marion Anderson: It is a little thing to say that she is the greatest contralto of our day. Words like that are bald, at best. There is not the warmth in them that talk of her requires. What she gives has so much of warmth — so many of the attributes which spring from that mysterious source we designate as genius. The life of a singer is mirrored in her singing; such is inevitable in an art so personal. The more and greater there is of experience, the richer will be the voice — richer in expression, in implication, in variety. So it is that Marion Anderson's voice reflects such depth of understanding and beauty eloquent in the suggestion of what lies behind it. Every step of the way was a battle fought and won for her. The strength of spirit and the abiding faith that she had to call upon have grown with her, and in the greatness of her achievement she has not forgotten the sacrifices that helped accomplish it. Thus her voice comes to us — a fluid column of tone — deep and pure — dark velvet in rippling folds — a richness that is born of a magnificent instrument motivated by a magnificent talent. Her interpretations are searching studies of moods and ideas brought into being by an artistry that brooks no difficulties. It is the soul of song coming from the soul of a remarkable woman — beauty dispensed with largesse to all who listen.

* * * * *

Fulton Sheen: Clear thinking and clear perspective sounding a note of encouragement and ultimate sanity in a world which needs both sorely. Monsignor Sheen has imbued the air waves with a new dignity and higher purpose, making them forces in his apostolacy. He has all the requisites for his work. The voice is rich and compelling — the words are beautifully clear, beautifully chosen. His powers of expression find plentiful fulfillment in the work which he assigns himself. Hearing him, one can be proud that we make common cause with him. The application of Christian thought and doctrine to the manifold problems of today is something which occurs to us all too seldom, it seems. But it is an active process with Monsignor Sheen, a process to which he turns all the talents of which he is possessed and so faces the forces of confusion on their own ground. The ring of his tones is conviction itself — the faith of the man is contagious. It is an inspiring thought that the radio, the miracle of modern science, should thus lend itself to aid in spreading the Kingdom of God upon earth.

AN EARLY RISER

An Early Riser To a Sleepyhead

You have not seen the russet bracken in
The dew. You lose the hues enhanced by mist,
Its vapor blue and etched like spider-spin,
The azure, poppy red and amethyst.
And yet I must admit you tried to meet
Cloud shadows smudged across a field of wheat,
A hill breast high with saffron spiked weeds,
Swung by the wind, and smoldering orange meads.

You find glen's murk shot through with sun-shaft's dust
And roots of trees and lichen thorn-entwined,
A bird go wind-high with a winged thrust,
And insect song which bring a chant to mind;
Unknown, the thrill of briar wet and tree . . .
Leaves silver on stern ground of ebony,
And mist as thick as grief and, yet as frail
As early morning sunlight in a vale.

The symphony of day, you hear, long drawn . . .
Yet fail to see the first fair flame of dawn!

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD '40.

Checkmates — WHEN CROOKS PLAY WITH CHEQUERED CREDIT

by MARGARET CONNOR.

HE told it to me one night at dinner. He was never one to draw you into his confidence, but we were doing a little celebrating and exchanging stories and he told me. It sounded fantastic at the time, but — well, let me tell you; and you judge for yourself.

Tippy Gordon sat in his office at the back of the Palace Night Club. His short, stocky figure rested uneasily in his swivel chair. He saw one of his boys over in the corner, reading a race track sheet. Tippy wasn't paying any attention to his, Tippy was too worried. A frown creased his forehead as he glanced around the room. The walls were plastered with pictures of many celebrities that had come and gone through the doors of the Palace in the three years Tippy had owned it. He had been successful on and off, but that was due to the gambler in him. And that's the point of this story.

What money Tippy made he lost and what he lost he rarely saw again. He never refused a bet. When he won he was very happy. His losses he took in stride and they had never yet caught up with him. That is outside of the last bet he had made with no other than Marty Slade of the Tenth Ave. district.

Tippy was a cracker jack at pool. He always swore that if he couldn't do anything else, well, he could play pool. That Tuesday night a week ago, when Marty walked into the Palace a little tight and started a small riot by making cracks at the dancers, Tippy had tried to cool him off by asking him to come in the back room for a little game. There wasn't anything unusual about the

CHECKMATES

back room, only it was marked Private to everyone not in "the know." It consisted of gambling devices, roulette wheels, and pool tables. Whether Marty wanted to know how Tippy worked or whether he just liked pool, remains a mystery. But Marty was good at pool (unknown to Tippy) and they played congenially for about an hour. Tippy would smile around at a few of his pals who were lounging about the room. He thought Marty was a push-over. They looked back in disgust. Didn't Tippy realize the Palace was about on the rocks? He had only to look at the half empty place to catch on. And he took up Marty Slade's bet of a hundred dollars a game. "What a goof!"

That wasn't half bad enough, but when Tippy had lost considerably (to his astonishment), Marty suggested the last game be double or nothing. Tippy was a little taken back, but he took the bet. He was banking on Marty never remembering the bet, in his condition, but then Tippy didn't know Marty very well. Tippy lost all right to the tune of one grand. Well, he couldn't pay up. He didn't have it, that was all. Lord knows the bank book showed that. Those little red pencilings made it very clear, how much he was in arrears already. Marty not only remembered but he took Tippy's I. O. U. to prove it. And furthermore, he made Tippy put the Palace up as security, in case he didn't pay in a week. "My God," thought Tippy at the time, "he's making the whole thing into a big deal." Marty was no fool!

The week was up today. That's why Tippy was so worried. He didn't have the grand, and he figured he wouldn't have the Palace either, after Marty walked through that door.

His eyes rested on the chromium and black clock on his desk. A quarter to five, and Marty was due at five. Tippy wiped the perspiration off his forehead with a brown checked handkerchief. He had thought and schemed a thousand ways to get the money.

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But his creditors refused him until he paid what he owed, and the bank wouldn't part with a cent. Tippy seemed to owe everyone, particularly Marty Slade. He thought of Jack Swift who owed him some money, but he had been after him for weeks. He leaned back in his chair and thought some more and the name of Swift kept coming back. Tippy only failed to live up to his profession as a gambler when he never pressed people who owed him. Some guys called him "soft" but then everyone liked Tippy anyway. He was desperate, no question about that, but what to do? The clock read ten of now. He opened a drawer and glanced through a pile of memoranda. There it was. Jack Swift's I. O. U. for one thousand dollars. Tippy almost choked. He couldn't even begin to calculate why Swift owed him that much. Then he remembered a time, when Swift had been in a jam — he needed money and Tippy had come through. Now Tippy was in a jam — a tough spot. Would Swift come through? Tippy pessimistically doubted it.

If he could only pay, but then it was ten of — so little time. It was a slim chance but — Tippy's hand reached for the phone. His mouth quivered as he gave the number. A thin grating voice answered "hello."

Tippy no longer calm thundered: "That you Swift? Tippy Gordon speaking. I know this is abrupt but can you pay me the grand you owe me? Yeh, I know it is a short notice but I have to have it by five o'clock tonight. — You haven't got it, so what! Neither have I and I need it. You can get it some way." — Tippy was getting sore — "Of course I know the banks are closed. Well, why didn't you draw out some money? — Well what good will a check in the morning do me? — I need it now! — a short notice — Yeh, I know but a check in the morning." Tippy slammed the receiver.

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What was the use. A check in the morning — Tippy smirked, but not long. A check — a check. He opened the drawer again. Yes, his check book was there, but so was the bank book with the red pencilings. He could write a check though he was not supposed to do it. It would be a big gamble but Tippy was a gambler. Swift's check would arrive in the morning and — he glanced at Pete in the corner, still reading. He didn't know why he didn't tell him to scram. Pete knew the state of his affairs if anyone did, but he wasn't any help. He didn't have a cent. What a fine bunch of pals he had — well — he glanced at the clock again, three of.

He wrote rapidly, the date, payable to Marty Slade, \$1,000 — signed Thomas Gordon. He screwed on the top of the pen — the door opened. It was five o'clock. Pete glanced up at the big, sallow faced man that walked through the door. His eyes bulged. "What was Tenth Ave. doing over on Seventh again? "Gosh, what a color," reflected Pete, "Marty drank too much." Marty didn't see him. He eased up to the desk where Tippy sat, a little pale.

"My respects to you, Tippy," drawled Marty in his best fashion, "is that er — pardon my haste — money about?"

Tippy opened the check book and ripped out the one he had drawn. His hand shook a bit. Marty noticing said, "Don't be afraid, old man, why I wouldn't hurt a flea unless —." He grabbed the check and Tippy half expected it to bounce back. If Swift's check only arrived before the banks opened in the morning, he'd be safe.

Marty pocketed the check carefully, after a careful scrutiny. "Just making sure it's all there. I always check up on checks." Each time Tippy heard the word check he got cold chills, but he didn't trust himself to speak. Pete broke the tension. "Say Marty,

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any tips on tomorrow's race?" Both Pete and Tippy noticed the shadow on Marty's face, a peculiar green color, as he blurted out, "I'm in a hurry," and left the office.

"Now what do you suppose was eating him," Pete asked, "he looked as worried as you do Boss."

Two big ex-truck drivers swung in beside Marty as he left the Palace.

"Where to, boss?" asked Big Mike.

"Down to the bookies and hurry. If I don't pay off Slim before six I might as well hire a couple of grave diggers."

"Is he the guy, boss, what's been callin' ya up all day?"

"Yeh, it seems he's in a tight spot. Needs cash and he wasn't foolin'. Never knew Slim to put on the heat before. That guy would go some place in this town as a racketeer, if he ever got loose with his technique. Good thing he sticks to taking horse racing bets. In fact, it's a good thing Gordon came through or I'd never been able to pay yesterday's race bet. Who's that?"

"No one, boss. You're just jumpy. Slim can't be that good. Just leave him to me if he ever gets annoyin'." He fingered the automatic in his pocket.

Marty's shrewd eyes saw the movement. "No rough stuff, Mike. Remember, false moves land you in the big house —." He didn't finish. The Glass Slipper's neon sign went on and off. Marty shoved his hands deeper into his pockets and pushed open the door. Just a beer joint full of smoke, run by a slick bookie. Voices pitched too high, and jockeys and betters sitting around drinking beer. Marty glanced around. "Where was Slim in this foul haze?" Jake, one of the jockeys called from a table, "Hi, Mr. Slade, Slim's in the back waitin' for ya."

Marty nodded and threaded his way to a cubby hole near the rear. He heard Slim's voice. "Sure, Swift, I'll make it tonight,

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you'll get it in the morning, but I must say a thousand smackers is a lot to pay for getting rid of that ice. Why, that fence I was telling you about would have done it for five hundred. Sure, O. K., I know you do a clean job, but you're getting your cut. But I can't get it over to you tonight. I have to wait for a certain party to pay me. Did you get rid of that latest stuff — O. K., quit squawking, you'll get your dough by morning. Tell the other guy to wait —.” He hung up abruptly, noticing the shadow on the frosted door to his office.

Marty walked in slowly. Slim smiled as he thought, all the gamblers are suckers. Scare them a little and they run like rabbits. Well, he was a gambler too, only he delved in more than money. He gambled with life and death, and arrest hung over his head every day. He had a good front as a bookie, but jewel smuggling was where his real dough came from. He watched Marty come in.

“Got the grand with you?”

“Yeh,” said Marty, taking out the folded check, “but —.”

“No buts. You pay me now or else. I have things to do with that dough.”

Marty wanted to explain about the check being someone else's. Slim might want cash, and Marty didn't even know what it felt like to have any. He passed the check to Slim, who glanced at it significantly. The signature startled him. Tippy Gordon who owed people everywhere. Still he didn't have the rep for passing rubber checks. “Tippy Gordon, eh? Is it any good?”

Marty shrugged before he answered, “It better be.”

“You're darn right it better, but I'll find out in the morning when it's cashed.”

Marty lit a cigarette and blew the smoke in the air. “I'd like a receipt if you don't mind.” He didn't trust Slim as far as he could throw an elephant.

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"Sure, but first you endorse this over to me."

Marty took the pen and signed his name, grabbed the receipt and left. Slim called after him to get a beer on the way out. He waited until Marty left, and then he laughed. He'd just send this check to Swift and let him see if it was good. He laughed again as he took out an envelope and addressed it. "Oh well," he smiled as he wrote Slim Pect below Marty Slade on the reverse side. He slipped it in the envelope and sealed it. "I'll mail it now so Swift can get it first thing in the morning."

Up the broad steps of the post office, a middle-aged man climbed. In a thin grating voice he called good morning to the man on duty. When a letter was handed to him, he slipped it into his pocket and left the building. He walked rapidly, his black eyes darting everywhere. Soon he reached a deserted back street and a small cigar store wedged between two buildings. He slipped inside and hurried into the back, where living quarters were arranged. He felt for the letter in his pocket and retrieving it, looked at its amount. One thousand dollars. How he wished he could keep it. Slim thought the price too high. But then he had to pay Gordon. He turned it over on the other side. He glanced sharply at the two signatures. Marty Slade, Slim Pect. "Where did this check come from originally? My God, Gordon himself. Gordon knew a lot about him, enough to do him harm. Was always bullying him and kidding him. Now he knew something about Gordon. "Ha," he snickered, "paid by his own check." He signed it a third time and sent it over to the Palace.

Tippy hadn't slept a wink all night. He had been sensible, he had gone home early, missed his floor show for the first time in years, just so he could get behind locked doors and escape the apparitions that he knew were following him. But they didn't

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leave and they followed him right to the Palace the next morning. He felt weak as he opened the door. It was nearing nine by the chromium clock and no check had arrived from Swift. He raised the shades and glanced out into Seventh Avenue. The street he loved and slaved to bring entertainment to, but in the back of his mind loomed Sing Sing. Tippy felt sick and sad. He might never see Seventh Avenue again, after nine o'clock.

Footsteps ran towards his door. Tippy scarcely breathed. Had Marty found out, had he sent — was it the police — or was it one of his men? His body moved toward the drawer where his "32" was, his eyes never left the door. He saw a slip pushed under the lower crack. His breathing came natural again and life flowed back into his face. He went over and picked up the envelope. It was from Swift! He'd call the bank and tell them he was on his way to deposit some money to cover a check. God help him if Marty got there first! He gave the number and ripped open the envelope. His free hand drew out the check. The phone fell from his fingers and dangled limply toward the floor. The check was for a thousand dollars — signed *Thomas Gordon*.

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Early Spring

Rising, I will leave the city behind me;
I shall escape by walking into the sunset
Where, high above the slowly-moving river
The grass is thin and cold
As slivers of a shattered icicle.
It pricks me as I stoop to pluck
A violet.

I have left behind the dying day,
All symbols of corruption,
The sluggish life that festers
In the gloomy towers, brooding
Over the corpse of morning,
And coming here I rest against
The willow. Through its sweeping
Plumes I search for promise
Of the world's renascence.
The pointed grass is sharp
And pricks me as I stoop to pluck
A violet.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

CURRIER AND IVES ARE IMMORTAL;
BUT *their* NEW YORK IS

A City That Is Gone

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD.

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives,
I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him."
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ONE hundred and four years ago in 1835, a tall, thin young man opened a little shop at 1 Wall Street in New York City. Probably unconscious that he was about to preserve the exact history of his time in picture form, Mr. Nathaniel Currier started his lithographing career for the first time alone. Roxbury, Massachusetts had been his birth place and it was sufficiently near Boston so that he could make his way there when only fifteen. Here he had become apprenticed to William and John Pendleton, America's first lithographers of note. Later establishing himself in New York City, he issued his first print within the first year of his business independence.

And then came the disastrous fire of 1835. It was a fortunate occurrence for Mr. Currier, however unfortunate for New York. After four days of frantic working, a dramatic news print of the Merchant's Exchange in flames was issued from that shop. Issued while the embers were still smouldering, it proved a sensation. Today news four days after an event would be considered history. But a hundred years ago it was breathtaking speed. His success became certain when five years later, appeared another print of catastrophic importance . . . the burning of the steamboat *Lexing-*

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ton off the coast of Long Island Sound — only three days after its happening!

In 1852 a man with a yearning for art but with no yearning to starve, came to the Wall Street shop as bookkeeper. He proved to be an amusing contrast to his employer, for James Merritt Ives was plump, jolly, and dark. As different as he was in appearance, his was that unique personality which could co-ordinate so precisely with Nathaniel Currier's temperament that "Currier & Ives" has come to be an inseparable couplet. And Ives's enthusiasm and versatility merited him a partnership in 1857.

We have these two men, both with an ardent interest in events of news value, and that definite "nose for news" that is so essential. For years they captured in "pictures as simple as parables" the charade that was going on about them. And as pictorial historians they have shown that "men not only lived and died, but also loved and hated." For they were essentially romanticists. With unrestrained vision they brought to the people what our tabloid newspapers bring us today. Newspapers of the time were not pictorial, and magazines were graphic only as to fashion plates and flowers. The age of sophistication had not dawned and life was simple.

And Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives knew by instinct what would appeal to the public. Men were fascinated by tales of death and disaster; ladies were overcome by sentimental portrayals; and Biblical pictures were published by the thousands. But there was a humorous whimsy in their social caricatures, and their political cartoons were stinging and corrosive. Fire, too, was an excellent subject, for it is well known what power a great blaze has for captivating men. Currier & Ives capitalized on every fire, and issued gaudy prints blaring with red and yellow.

We know from these lithographs of the intense rivalry be-

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tween fire companies in New York City, which grew from mere sport to angry feuds — so angry that one company would cover the fire hydrant nearest the blaze with a barrel so that another might not find it first. A race for reaching the fire first was much in order, and each company scorned horse-driven engines, preferring to pull the engines themselves. The engines were practically venerated, adorned with gilt cupids and gingerbread, and often kissed and embraced for their good work. Wealthy scions as well as unemployed tramps felt honored to belong to a fire company though no recompense was given.

For us, all these pictures have a great practical significance in establishing a sense of values. We have here the fundamental human experiences of disaster, success, religion, politics, warfare, love of the melodramatic, dress consciousness and hero-worship. Though pictured in an age so entirely different from ours, these have remained basically the same. Their world was extensive — with expanding vistas to the west, with glorious sunsets unobstructed by skyscrapers, with land empty, limitless — the lodestone to draw men's hearts to the Great Plains. Ours is a world bounded and made small by the radio, photography and the highly developed miracles of electrical science: the telegraph and the telephone.

The things depicted as having happened to the nation in this most colorful of all its eras are still the things that should interest us. But, unfortunately, many of us ultra-sophisticates think these records of our country hideously old-fashioned and gaudy, fit only to be relegated to the dustiest and dimmest corner of the attic. Through the efforts of Mr. Harry T. Peters, who explored these gloomy corners, we now have a remarkable collection of vivid chronicles of American history. He realized with great foresight that these lithographs could give us the accurate tracing of the development of a great nation.

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Covering every phase of human activity, they followed our Californian fathers in the scramble for gold of 1849. We know of the flamboyant campaign of Teddy Roosevelt. They followed navigation from the early whaling vessels to the clippers with their majestic grace and "amazing" speed; they give us the growing pains of the railroad as it covered incredible miles over the Great Plains. Business and finance live still in theatrical prints of the strenuous days in the stock market, as does advertising, as enticing and exciting as it is today. With the invention of punch lines and slogans, Currier & Ives pictured for P. T. Barnum such amazing oddities as the "Living Chinese Family," the "Wonderful Albino Family," and "The Lancashire Bell Ringers." And not to be overlooked is the struggle for woman suffrage. There are tranquil scenes of domestic bliss, the latest fashions, etiquette, and more serious . . . women in relation to religion, temperance, and morals. These were incendiary material in the '50's.

Although the story of Currier and Ives has so often been told, telling it here has served as introduction for the main theme of this article . . . New York City as we have it portrayed for us in the current exhibition in the city.

New York City was then, even more than now, the core of American civilization, and the firm of Currier & Ives remained a New York establishment. Walking down the Broadway of today it takes quite an accomplished imagination to believe that only one hundred years ago it was little more than a cobble-stoned alley with modest, square houses, many-windowed and flat-topped. Nor can one even conjure up the image of a newly-completed, white St. Patrick's Cathedral surrounded by green grass and shrubs. Looking at a view on the Harlem River, with its men fishing lazily in their row boat, and with a sylvan background of forest and undergrowth, we remember a scene on the Connecticut River back

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of some old farm. It is certainly not the Harlem River of today with its bridges, coal barges and oily waterfront.

"Printing House Square" is pictured with its Tribune, Times and Day Book buildings, for it was the center of the New York newspaper and printing world of 1864. On a typical sunny afternoon we see the horse-drawn trolleys, the well-dressed crowd raptly attentive as the Civil War soldiers perform square corners and about-faces to the accompaniment of the band, while the pedlars and newsboys carry the latest editions on their heads. And if we look closely enough, we even see the harassed doctor with his cane and "little black bag" quite forgetting his outward composure as he hurries toward the passing trolley. We have a New York of blazing fires, of impressive federal buildings, of campaign posters, of institutions — always bird's-eye views — and of hotels and theaters.

In the field of entertainment we have the "City Hotel," which was one of the finest entertainment hotels; and the first appearance of Jenny Lind in America. The great Castle Garden is crowded with excited music lovers, and in full view of the audience is seen that genius of entertainment, Phineas Taylor Barnum, aptly rotund and noticeably jolly, the American impresario of the "Swedish Nightingale." A note of amusement is struck with the red and green lighted sign high above the heads of the spectators which announced: *Welcome Sweet Warbler*. From the stage world we have a garish colored scene of "The three little maids from school" from Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado."

There are some two hundred religious prints, including a print picturing in his magnificent robes, Cardinal McCloskey (1875) who was the first United States priest to become a Cardinal. Pope Pius IX bestows benediction upon the faithful throughout the world in his death chamber as he spoke his last words, and

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his body is shown lying in state before the high altar in St. Peter's in Rome.

The disaster pictures form a great group of the lithographs of New York. People crawl frantically upon the roofs of the warehouses along the waterfront in "View of the Great Conflagration of December 16th and 17th, 1835." The shining glass and elaborate architecture of the Crystal Palace, site of the first World's Fair (1853), is smudged and reddened by fire in "The Burning of Crystal Palace." But while the building is leaping with flames the American, British and French flags are seen curiously untouched by any licks of the great blaze! "The Great Riot at the Astor Place Opera House" brings to mind the quarrel between the actor Forrest and his English rival, Macready, when the seventh regiment was called out to protect Macready as he was performing "Macbeth" in the Opera House. The crowd shown attacking the soldiers is a frenzied swarm, throwing stones and sticks and brandishing clubs. It was said that thirty or more people were killed or wounded as the soldiers were forced to shoot. The scene is pregnant with action.

The disaster series, the clipper ship series, the federal building and railroad series, the P. T. Barnum and the entertainment series . . . all these pictures give a panoramic view of New York City from 1835 to 1888. Not only do we have portrayed material affairs, but we can know in what the public was interested, for Currier & Ives knew what was the popular appetite. And thereby we see the spirit of the time as well. The great metropolis was the crux around which this age of expansion and growth, of struggle and achievement, of great forces and movements, of successes and failures revolved. It was the scene of the pains and delights, of the laughter and tears of a growing nation. And we have to thank for this description of her early struggles . . . two

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lithographers who sold their chronicles for as little as ten cents apiece. They covered every phase of human behavior: from the Mississippi steamboats to the gallant fireman carrying the swooning woman through smoke and flame; from the railroad's development to the first pair of long trousers; from the world of business and finance to the world of Casey Jones; and from woman suffrage to horse racing.

Although the greatest praise goes to the two publishers, one must not forget their loyal staff, of which some of the most important were Louis Maurer, Arthur F. Tait, Thomas Worth, Voltaire Combs — who gave us the New York City scenes — Charles Parsons and Fanny Palmer, the faithful helper who "filled in landscapes, or did a ship or a horse on short notice."

In answer to the critic's attack that these lithographs are too simple, too naive, and therefore not Art with a capital A, we have only to impart the information that some of these prints are now selling for more than the "Art" of Picasso and Dali, and other surrealists whose work is considered ingenious whether hung upside down or sideways.

To Mr. Harry T. Peters goes the praise for pioneering in the collecting of these prints. It is he who has so truthfully said: "From the landing of Columbus to the end of the nineteenth century they left no wall space in our history without its picture."

And for those of us who persist in thinking these delightful lithographs "old-fashioned" and "naive," we have only to heed what Mr. Russell Crouse has said, that "they left us a pictorial record of their times inestimably more valuable as Americana than all the archives that have been gathering dust since 1492."

A DEVIL *may* CARE
BUT NOT

A La Mode Francais JANET GRIFFIN.

25 Quai d'Anjou,
Paris, France.

SO this was to be her home for eight months, tall and brownstone with old fashioned shutters and little balconies jutting out from everywhere.

For the tenth time she extricated a badly smudged calling card from the crowded depths of her pocketbook and murmured little inarticulate phrases under her breath.

"Mme. Poureau . . . Mme. Poureau . . ."

She smiled with quiet dignity at an obliging street lamp, extended it a warm, limp hand and vowed forever to conquer the Westchester in her French.

But the street lamp to which she addressed her attention was not so polite, for from behind it came a small, sinister-looking man who alternately appeared and disappeared beneath a pyramid of suitcases.

She paid him rather shakily with the knowledge that she was giving him too much. "Merci Mam'selle . . ." and he drove off in his cab with an emphatic shifting of gears.

She glanced at the barricade of luggage at her feet. They were silly suitcases covered with silly stickers. Bud had personally insisted on sticking his largest and most gluey "Notre Dame" pennant on one and she, to counteract this outrage, had covered the others with an equally large and gluey assortment.

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"West Point, . . . Purdue . . . Cornell . . ." practically All American!

Somehow she wished Bud was here now. Not that he was her O.A.O., she hastily explained to herself, but that — well — he wouldn't care if it was Paris or Scarsdale or South Bend!

"Everyone's the same at heart, kid," he had told her. "Keep that McKeever chin up and you'll come back grinning!"

She clasped the "Notre Dame" suitcase firmly in her left hand (just for assurance) and walked stoically towards the bell.

"Betty McKeever," she said harshly, "control yourself!"

February 14, 1939.

Antoinette was slender and bright with shining black hair and laughing eyes. They were dressing together for Mme. Pourcau's Valentine Masquerade.

"Ah, ma cherie, how lovely you look! It is not everyone who wears a gown especially designed by Madame Fontaine."

Betty dropped a deep, Victorian courtsey and blew her a kiss. She was humming a waltz . . . the dress was made for waltzing. It was white with shimmering folds of satin . . . and a hoop. There was only one touch of color . . . a bright red heart placed right above her own.

"I shall never be so happy again."

Antoinette powdered her shiny nose with a wisp of a puff.

"I only hope you will be pleased with Monsieur Jean. He is really a most grand and charming fellow. Mama has invited him especially for you. He is from one of the finest families in Paris."

Betty felt the waltz halt abruptly in her throat. Perhaps he would find her very boring and unsophisticated. The six freckles on the bridge of her nose loomed up in fresh assault. Somehow,

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no matter how she tried to disguise them, they were there — and every effort only seemed to make them larger — and browner. She glanced across the room at 'Toinette. If only she was as poised as 'Toinette, a Spanish costume setting off her dark loveliness!

There was the sound of a door opening, and a small face with two holes where the front teeth should have been thrust itself into the room. It was little Gerard . . . and his face was glowing from much scrubbing.

"Mama wishes me to tell you that the guests are beginning to arrive."

" . . . the guests are beginning to arrive." Panic gripped Betty's heart. Why had she come to France in the first place! She had no idea that learning a language would lead her into this!

Antoinette was slipping her mask over her eyes and, almost automatically, she followed suit.

"One last glance . . ." She was amazed at the sound of her own voice. It was so calm and unconcerned . . . it almost made her feel better.

They linked arms as they went out of the room; it was very comforting . . . the marble staircase was so long and cold! Betty paused as they reached the bottom. The foyer was already crowded with guests . . . harlequins . . . and gypsies . . . and gay flower girls in a riot of color.

"'Toinette, you are late!" Mme. Poureau said, with a pretended frown. "I wanted you to greet the guests at the door."

She smiled at Betty. "You look lovely, dear. I hope our French lads do not all lose their hearts to an American lass . . . it would not be fair!"

Betty peeked around the corner into the ball-room.

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"Mama," Toinette whispered, "has he arrived — Monsieur Bespages?"

"He is just inside the ball room. Do you see the gentleman in the black costume, with the long tail?"

Toinette giggled. "The devil . . .?"

"That is he." Mme. Poureau's eyes sparkled. "I hope Betty . . ."

"Ssh, Mama! She is coming."

Betty returned gracefully across the foyer. "Stomach in, head up." Wasn't that what they said to models?

"Come, chérie." Toinette was tugging at her arm. They were going into the ball room and in the direction of a tall slender man with a black suit and a tail — the devil, she decided on second glance. He was bending stiffly in the direction of the punch bowl.

"Mademoiselle McKeever," said Toinette after a subdued cough and with somewhat of restraint, "May I present Monsieur Jean Bespages."

The figure straightened up and turned around abruptly.

You really couldn't tell much what he looked like, Betty decided after a quick survey. But what you could see was nice. His mouth even looked a bit amused.

Jean clasped her hand with an immaculate white glove and kissed it solemnly.

"Eet ees a pleasure . . ." His voice was drippingly sweet.

It was then that Betty realized that Toinette had disappeared and that she was alone with one of the finest men in Paris . . . and one of the most silent. The necessity for saying something rose to a crisis.

"You speak English : . ." she chanced with an inflexion

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that was a cross between a statement and a question. "Moi, j'aime beaucoup parler le francais. Si vous . . ."

Jean bowed deeply and hastily.

"Mam'selle," he soothed, "I prefer to speak with you the Anglais."

At that point the conversation reached a new low and became very burdensome. After all, music was giving them too much competition.

Betty swayed encouragingly. If Frenchmen were half as progressive as they were painted, he would certainly take the hint.

The music became very obvious. Jean arranged his tail so



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that it wouldn't trip him and clasped her possessively to him.

"Eet ees devine . . ." he murmured in soft accents.

Then she realized suddenly, why they always spoke in awe of Frenchmen at the sorority meetings. They certainly didn't mark time! Her hands became the least bit clammy. She almost wished that Bud was there.

It was nearly twelve when they saw 'Toinette again. She was laughing in the corner with a young Russian soldier. Jean and Betty were standing on the terrace. Betty shuddered at the thought of what the moon might do to Jean. But 'Toinette was there — she felt quite gay about the whole thing.

Her gaiety faded, though, with a plunk. 'Toinette was leaving . . . and the Russian soldier was leaving . . . and they were alone and the moon was beaming in the most stubborn relentless fashion.

She gathered her wits.

"It's a lovely night," she said brightly.

"Eet ees devine," he said again in softer accents and she felt a weight in the form of an arm being placed on her shoulder.

She moved a bit toward the terrace railing but the arm moved with her. The clammy feeling was creeping up from her hands. She could feel it all over.

"Don't you think we'd better go inside? It's really rather . . ."

Then he did it. She could feel his mask against her nose . . . and his lips on hers.

One . . . two . . . it seemed an eternity. The McKeever blood began to boil. What if it was France! What if he was one of the finest fellows in Paris . . . in the world! She didn't like it and she didn't care who knew it!

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"I loave you," he said in a voice reminiscent of Maurice Chevalier.

She thought of Bud with a great surge of loyalty and it all became quite sad. Bud would say "How about a little smooch, hon," but he was never like this! Gosh, she wished Bud was here now . . . he'd show this Frenchman a thing or two! . . . Bud! The name started an idea vaguely in her head. Perhaps she could . . .

"Monsieur Bespages," she said, emerging from his arms painfully. "I am sorry to say this . . . the words were hesitant . . . but I am already affianced to a gentleman in America . . . Engaged!" she added to make it more emphatic. "And I'm sure Bud wouldn't approve of this at all!"

Monsieur Bespages stepped back a distance of several paces. "You are, huh." And his voice didn't sound at all sweet.

"I am — and I intend to marry him."

The masculine mouth below the mask began to whistle softly.

Betty gathered her white satin gown majestically over her arm. Her dignity was returning rapidly.

The whistle became louder . . . and the tune took on some semblance of familiarity.

She felt the gown slipping slowly to the floor . . .

"Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame . . ."

And he took his mask off!

"Bud!" she yelled, and her alto became soprano. "You bum! You darling . . . bum!"

He tried to look indifferent . . . and failed miserably.

"Gee, kid," he said, and a smooch interfered, "I was scared for a minute!"

The Quarterly



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Editorial

THE Catholic Press is a flourishing latter-day organ of what still remains the biggest promotion scheme ever perpetrated — that of the Incarnate God as, in a single phrase, He flung His Kingdom to the ends of the earth He had created — “Go, therefore, and teach all nations.”

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EDITORIAL

The best boosters of that Kingdom were always the noisiest. It is a challenging truth that none in good faith ever "found the Christ" but that he was moved to advertise; and the advertising has always had a protean character — fixed as it looked toward the Church, the deposit of revealed truth, and flexible as it scanned the periphery — adapting itself graciously to time and place and person. Thus the saints and martyrs are the neon *lives* of the single scheme that is truly colossal; and the guarantee of their product is the conviction with which they peddle it.

Not so immediately compelling, but persuading to the same imperishable, unpurchasable ware is the Catholic Press — a high powered bill board approach to the problem always incumbent upon the Church — to advertise!

To advertise principles of social action, the moral conduct of international affairs — to highlight obscure spots in the news and interpret by the practical application of Catholic teaching — to prod fiction to new artistry by adroit handling and wholly sane Christian peering into ordinary human situations — to add in large literary measure to all "art for God's sake" — as Chesterton would have it — these are a few of the functions of a vitally aware Catholic Press.

It is the apostolate of the Catholic Press to mend the net even as it grows; and while Catholic writing is acclaimed in all fields by disinterested critics, it best serves those already of the Church. Thus — Catholic Press Month — a pressure drive in the best advertising manner. It demands your most earnest support.

—And If You're Reading

TRUE HUMANISM, *By* JACQUES MARITAIN.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK. 1938.

In this day when the accent is on sociological problems, a philosophic approach to them is welcomed. For, inasmuch as practical philosophy is still philosophy and remains a mode of speculative knowledge, unlike metaphysics, it is directed to action as its object. A solution — through action — is offered by Jacques Maritain in his *True Humanism*. The author opens the question by posing, "What is man?" In the answer lies one's concept of humanism. It may be viewed theocentrically when it looks to God as the end of man. Regarded anthropocentrically humanism sees man in himself and sets his last end in himself. This is what Maritain terms the tragedy of humanism or, in reality, inhuman humanism.

The Christian world has a temporal task to fulfill since civilization is directed toward a temporal end — the working here on earth for the realization of the social and temporal terms of the Gospel. Maritain states the problem nicely when he says too long has the Christian world been caught in a dualism of two opposing rhythms: "the rhythm of religion for Church services and occasions and the rhythm of naturalism in the affairs of the world and secular life." There must be, rather, a unity; and the unifying force, properly conceived, is integral humanism — which term would have been the more accurate and proper translation of the title of the book. Maritain sees the new Christendom governed by the theology of St. Thomas, for even yet, full use has not been made of the elements inherent in his grand principles.

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Some of the finest sections of the book are the author's brilliant criticisms of past and current isms, as: why cannot the communistic solution of social problems by labor organization and secular community be taken apart from atheism, the answer being that these solutions claim to reveal the fundamental questions of life, and atheism is not a consequence of this system but rather the very principle of it.

One is apt to feel at times that the translation from the French falls down somewhat and that an obscure point would bear more light in the original text. We rejoice, however, that such a remarkable volume of so eminent a French philosopher has been made available through translation to an eager American public.

ELIZABETH QUILTER '39.

FLESH IS NOT LIFE, *By* HILARY BARTH.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., MILWAUKEE.

This might be described as the great Catholic novel in embryo for it has all the force and vitality that is sometimes lacking in our Catholic literature. It is essentially a story of and for moderns — dealing with labor problems, Communists, and especially, with a girl — bewildered by the complexities of the old order. It is distinguished from the so-called "proletarian" novel only by its all-pervading Catholic spirit and by — I add this with regret — poor writing.

The characters, on the whole, are wooden — made so by scanty attention to the mechanics of writing. They seem to act by the arbitrary decision of their creator. The reader senses that

the author moves his characters about in a constant shifting to gain plausibility, although the treatment of the Communist offers a substantial exception.

The author, moreover, fails to make his art more than a transcript from life, and the idiom employed by many of his characters is so colloquial as to seem unreal. In a novel, the best tone is one somewhere between literary style and the actual vernacular.

Flesh is Not Life may seem to some of our conservative brethren almost too radical. It may shock the sensibilities of those who wish to remain unaware of things as they are. It is nevertheless Catholic, compelling; and when we shall have a novelist who can conceive a book with the power of this one and who can write as do the "gentlemen of the opposition," then Catholic literature in America will come into its own.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO, *By* RACHEL FIELD.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK. 1938.

All This and Heaven Too is Rachel Field's fictional transcript of her great aunt in which psychic and epic elements interpenetrate to form an engrossing whole.

Henriette Desportes is a challenging character — a governess or rare natural ability and intrepid spirit — in the vanguard of all "women who do." She becomes — in a slow but truly superb character evolution — the magnetic center of a domestic intrigue and the nexus in the whole rush of conflicting emotions about her. As the estrangement between the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin, her employers, draws Henriette into the void, she is forced to suffer the virulence of the Duchesse and to become, in reluctant

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but helpless sympathy, the defender of the Duc and his children.

The whole volcanic affair blows up in the murder of the Duchesse and the subsequent suicide of her husband; while Henriette is subjected to a humiliating inquest and to the ill-concealed suspicion of her associates even after her favorable acquittal. And the de Praslin murder is highlighted — in romantic fashion — as an auxiliary cause contributing to the establishment of the Second Empire in France.

The exuberant entrance of Henry Field, a young American minister bolsters up what might be the legitimate end of a tragic novel and serves as transition into its happier half — where Miss Field's great aunt and uncle focus our attention on such prime events in American history as the Civil War and the laying of the Atlantic cable.

This is excellent characterization with the historical background and epic overview so much in vogue in the contemporary novel. Rachel Field has achieved reality with a minimum of sordid interest and *All This and Heaven Too* is a fascinating amalgam of history, fiction, and memoirs.

CATHERINE ARCHER '39.

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY, *By* IRWIN EDMAN.

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK. 1938.

Mr. Edman has succeeded in writing a book that many other writers have tried to write and have failed. He has succeeded in telling the tale of his acquaintances and of the strange interesting places he visited in a manner that is vitally unique. Telling of his

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visits to most unusual people and exotic, small "out of the way" places, he shows a subtle sense of humor.

Friends mean much to him and yet he has the happy faculty of seeing the world around him in an entirely disinterested way. Among the most entertaining of those he met on his travels were M. Platon, who wished to start a club for itinerant philosophers, and a young sailor, Jewell V. Jones by name, who for a sailor was intensely philosophic.

Mr. Edman has the gay ability to laugh at himself as he was in his youthful days as an undergraduate at Columbia. He writes uproariously of his college days when, it seems, he was part of every fantastic scheme ever perpetrated. It is this quality, I think, that makes the book most enjoyable; for not only does he see the comic view of those past experiences, but he has also profited by the mistakes he made.

Since he is not only a graduate of Columbia but also a member of its faculty, he has, of course, met "some of the nicest people," as his housekeeper would say. Maria is a highlight of the book. Mr. Edman tells in a gently amused way the excitement that took place when he entertained a Father Ford at luncheon. In fact, Maria was quite convinced that it was a sure sign of his conversion.

All in all, he presents a picture of life that is at once amusing and serious; impersonal and personal. In his own words:

"Looking back over these pages, I recall that I had promised the reader simply images of persons and places, with an allusion now and again to the principles which they seemed to me to illustrate. I also promised him that this book would not be an autobiography. But one who has been a professional philosopher by trade cannot help carrying some traces of his *métier* with him, even on a holiday. As for autobiography — how is one to

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report his experience of persons and places and ideas, without telling something of the circumstances in which they appeared as images to him? . . . I note thus (with embarrassment) that, despite my good intentions, some autobiography, chronologically in disarray, has crept into these pages, and (to reverse Samuel Johnson's remark) I have found that, despite a relatively cheerful disposition, philosophy keeps breaking in."

GRACE BADER '40.

YOUNG LONGFELLOW, *By* LAWRENCE THOMPSON.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK. 1938.

Gone is the old poet with the flowing white beard; the symbol of paternal affection and peaceful antiquity. In his place we have the *Young Longfellow* — alive . . . changeable as the moods of his verse, with sensitive blue eyes and pink cheeks framed in a profusion of chestnut hair.

Perhaps, to some, it will seem a form of sacrilege to uncover all the dust of a forgotten age. But Lawrence Thompson has portrayed him well . . . this youth. He has created a vital character that lives and loves and suffers. Yet he does not make Longfellow any the less endeared. Rather, he shows him completely lovable as a boy, a student, a dejected suitor and a lover.

Biographies often concern themselves too deeply with historical references. From the beginning, however, this book is Longfellow's book. The style is refreshingly simple. The great quantity of personal letters and little unpublished scraps of verse shows years of patient research on the part of the author and a familiarity with every phase and mood of Longfellow's shifting life.

— AND IF YOU'RE READING

Thompson has given us a portrait with an enthusiasm that manifests itself in every line of print. We feel a brotherhood with a poet who attended Bowdoin College in Maine, struggled to determine his true vocation and was awed by mathematics. There are even a few tears of sympathy at the death of his young wife with her "delicate pale face and blue eyes."

Young Longfellow, besides being the life of a very fascinating man, is also something of a travelogue. The poet's extensive study in France, Germany, Spain and Italy forms a colorful background. There are "fierce whiskered gendarmes and wooden shoes" in France, the charm of nut-brown maids in Spain . . . German universities . . . Italian music . . . picturesque scenes described with an agile pen. Yet beneath it all is the realization that only in America is all the richness of beauty and life. Perhaps that alone would make the book worth-while reading. We appreciate our country so little!

Lawrence Thompson ends his book with the marriage of Longfellow to his second wife — the lovely Frances Appleton. He does not even give us a glimpse of the man we all know. Yet he leaves us with a sense of complacent satisfaction. Anyone with an interest in the great background of our ever-growing American literature, or with the desire of reading for pure enjoyment will find *Young Longfellow* both interesting and inspiring.

JANET GRIFFIN '40.

THE SILVER BRANCH, *By* SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN.

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK. 1938.

Another triumph for Seán O'Faoláin! *The Silver Branch*, even more delightfully Irish than its patriotic author, is a collec-

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tion of old Irish lyrics. Through them we see not so much Ireland or one outstanding Irishman but whole centuries of Irish people.

The author in a rather lengthy introduction provides us with a comprehensive insight into the spirit of the lyrics. We find these Irish lyricists amazingly versatile; they are able to symbolize a race and still lose none of their individuality. Most of the poems are written in first person but because the emotions they express are so basic, so fundamental, the author loses his identity and his poem becomes merely a part of that delicate pattern which was Irish life.

The Silver Branch is divided into four sections. The first deals with lyrics on the Church, religious poems. It is here that we find set forth in ungarnished simplicity the religious aspect of the Irish. They were not intimidated by the majesty of Heaven but with delightful facility these people made God one of them.

The second part, *The Woods, the Mountains, the Sea*, shows us nature as seen by loving eyes. These lyrics should be of special interest since, as Mr. O'Faolain tell us in his introduction, these authors were without precursors. They had the unusually difficult job of discovering nature for themselves.

The third section, *The Heroic Tradition*, is perhaps the most important and yet the hardest to understand, as we have set no stage upon which to place these distant patriots mentioned so reverently and in such terms of endearment.

The last part is composed of early court verse and is probably the least interesting of the four. For the most part the lyrics are not of universal interest and lack the ardent simplicity of the preceding sections.

The book as a whole is delightful, partly on account of its fragrant vitality, and partly since the subject has, up to this point, been left so unexplored.

IRENE MAHONEY '41.

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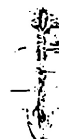
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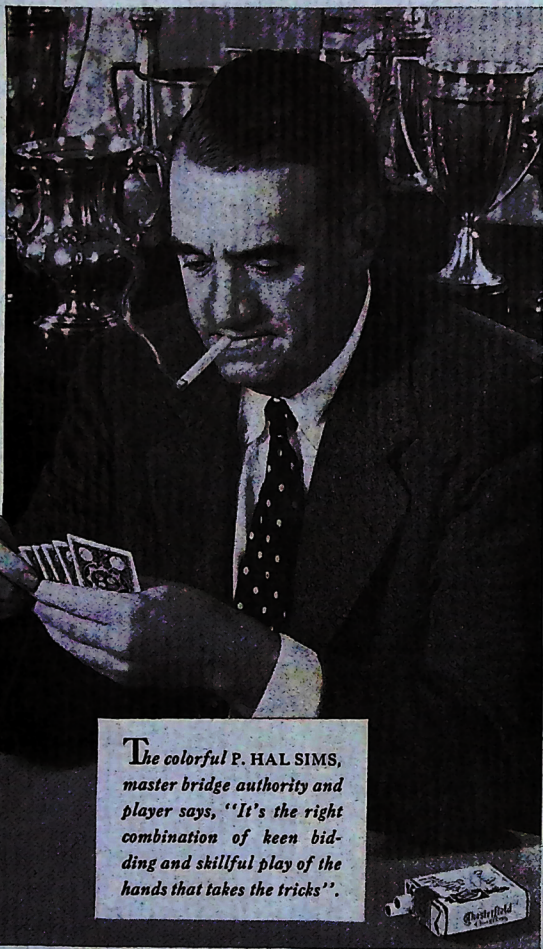


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